





A New

1048. L. 116

Extempore - Prayer,

Fitted for the Use of all

CONVENTICLES;

WHERE

REBELLION

Has its RISE,

AND

LOYALTY

Its DOWNFALL.

L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by J. Baker, at the Black-
Boy in Pater noster-row, 1710.

Price Four Pence.

A New

Compendious - Paper

Fitted for the Use of

CONVENTICLES

WHERE

REBEL LION



HAS RISE

43.

AND 6.

LOYALTY

578

is DOWNFALL

LONDON

Printed and Sold by J. Baker, at the Black-
Box in New Market-street, 1710.
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A New

Extempore-Prayer,

Fitted for the Use of all

CONVENTICLES, &c.

GOD grant us Grace and Courage to defend,
Thy only Church, the Nations surest
(Friend)

From *Deists, Atheists, and Dissenting Foes,*

And all that do her sacred Truths oppose.

Let not, O Lord! Her Enemies prevail;

Or, their promiscuous Numbers turn the Scale.

Who

Who tho' they Jar, in Principles unite,
 And on thy sacred *Altars* vent their Spite.
 That they may fully to their impious Shame,
 The Church that honours thy *eternal* Name;
 And truly guides us in that heav'nly Road,
 Thy only *Son*, and Our Redeemer Trod.

O! Suffer not thy Enemies those wicked Weeds
 To grow, and scatter their destructive Seeds
 Amidst thy Garden, where the Righteous dwell;
 And with relenting Hearts their Sins bewail.
 O! Let not such a Rash and heath'nish Race,
 So Proud, so Cruel, Blasphemous, and Base,
 Go on and prosper, and exalt their Horn;
 But tread 'em down, and laugh thy Foes to Scorn:
 Confound the vile Devices of their Hearts,
 And turn upon themselves their envious Darts.

Defeat

Defeat their Projects, baffle their Designs,
 Let their Cause perish as the Sun declines.
 And those that Aim to make thy Church their Slaves,
 Together Clash, like the tempestuous Waves.

Let no pretences whatsoe'er delude,
 From the true Path, the weak mis-judging Croud :
 But keep 'em steady to the Church and Throne,
 And give them Grace and Strength to trample down
 Those wicked Weeds thy Enemies have sown.

O Lord ! Extinguish those insulting Flames,
 That burn thy holy Truths for impious Shams.
 Let not thy Doctrines perish in disgrace,
 By wretched Hands so infamously base.
 But grant us Courage to maintain thy Word,
 Against the raging force of Fire and Sword ;

And

And not thro' Cowardice submit to see,
Thy Enemies Blaspheme thy Church and Thee.
O Lord! Suppress *Hypocrisy* and *Schism*,
Confound *Sedition* and *Socinianism*,
That thy true Church may gain the upper Hand,
And like a Bay-Tree, flourish thro' the Land.
Give no mistaken Zealots leave to spread,
Those dang'rous Errours into which they're lead:
But call them back from their destructive ways,
And turn their Hearts by thy convincing Grace.
Asswage their Malice and abate their Pride,
And Silence those that do their Souls mis-guide.
Let them not wander in the vales of Night,
Without a Glimpse of thy eternal Light.
But bring them to thy Church, where all may see,
The glorious Path that leads to Heav'n and Thee.

O Lord, preserve our Constitution safe ;
 Blind not our Eyes; or, let our Ears be Deaf :
 But let us see our Danger e're it grows
 Too mighty for thy People to oppose.
 And may we timely from the Pulpit hear,
 What 'tis we are to shun, and what to fear.
 That by our just endeavours, and thy Aid,
 We may escape those Snares, our Foes have laid.
 And turn their works of Malice and Deceit
 Upon themselves, that dug the gaping Pit.

O gracious God, defend the Royal Throne,
 And the most blest of Queens that sits thereon,
 Grant Her thy Wisdom, bravely to sustain
 Those weightry Conflicts that perplex Her Reign.
 May Her just Arms Her Foes abroad o'ercome,
 And Her wise Conduct humble those at Home.

That lasting Peace may be the great Event
 Of all that Sea of Blood and Treasure spent.
 Be thou, O Lord! Her Council, and Her Aid,
 That no proud Faction may Her Throne invade:
 But so preserve Her in Her Sov'reign State,
 That as She's Good, She may be truly Great.
 Guide Her, O Heav'n, in all things for the best,
 And let no Party-feuds disturb Her rest.
 Secure Her Royal Breast from Grief and Care,
 And make Her Queen of Peace as well as War:
 That She may long enjoy a happy Calm,
 And turn Her Sceptre to a branch of Palm.
 May She, O God, thy Holy Church advance,
 Above the reach of Spite and Ignorance.
 And always in its just defence exert,
 The Christian Courage of Her *English* Heart.

That

That the whole World from time to time may see
Her Justice, and unfeign'd Sincerity.

Lord grant Her Subjects a united Sense
Of their Queen's Love, and matchless Excellence:
And of their own just Duty which they owe
To Her, from whom such Streams of goodness flow ;
That they may labour with a stedfast Mind
To make their Monarch happy, whom they find
So Wise, so Good, so Merciful and Kind. }

May She for ever on the Throne remain,
Grant Her if possible an endless Reign,
That after Ages may Her Vertues see,
And with Her Smiles be blest as well as we.

Lord! Keep the Nation from Confusion free,
Defend us from the Curse of *Anarchy*.

Let no Republick Projects take effect
 By their Industry, or our own Neglect.
 But with an Eye of wrath, O Lord! Look down,
 And stop their Fury against Church and Crown.
 Baffle their Hopes, their ill Designs retard,
 And grant us Grace to keep a watchful Guard;
 That no attempt may by surprise succeed,
 Our Courage can withstand, or Care impede.
 For a small Force that's resolute and hard,
 May worst an Army that is unprepar'd.

Restrain those Tongues that spitefully devise
 Such daring Fables, and reproachful Lies,
 To blacken those who from their early Youth,
 Have hug'd Religion and maintain'd the Truth.
 And in their riper Years have bravely shew'd,
 They are not only Wise and Learn'd, but Good.

Patient

Patient in Suff'ring, in devotion Warm,
 Cool in a Calm, courageous in a Storm:
 Bold to assert the Truth, but not Morose,
 And ready to embrace the Christian Cross.
 Fearless of Danger, in a Cause so just,
 True to the Church, and faithful to their Trust.
 O Lord, we humbly pray that thou would'st please,
 To doubly bless such Heav'nly Guides as these.
 Preserve them daily from the Rage of those,
 Who to thy Church are such impatient Foes;
Fanatics, Deists, Atheists, and a Croud
 Of spiteful *Hypocrites*, perversely Proud:
 Who in their Lives no more Religion show,
 Than what regards their Wealth and Ease below.
 O Lord, secure thy Priests from the Revenge
 Of Monsters, such as these, much giv'n to Change;

Who

Who rend and ruffle both the Church and State,
 To make their wicked selves unjustly Great.
 Let 'em not soar to any dang'rous hight,
 But Clip their Wings, and stop their hasty flight;
 Lest by their Malice, *Satan's* work be wrought,
 And true Religion into Scandal brought.
 Withhold their Hatred, disappoint their Aim,
 And turn their projects to their publick shame.
 Confound the wicked Plots they have in hand,
 And make them Odious to their native Land,
 Unless in time they heartily Repent,
 And own the Church from which they now *Dissent*.
 Strip off their Masks, and let the Nation see,
 Their Pride, their Malice, and Hypocrisy.
 That crafty Zeal, grave Looks, and sham Pretence,
 May pass no more for pious Innocence.

Nor draw the Land, when they their Game would
(Play,

To credit what such faithless wretches say.

But turn our Ears from their deceitful Tongues,

And Arm us against all their future wrongs.

From *Popish* Plots, and the designs of *Rome*,

O Lord, preserve us for the time to come.

Let no divisions by their Priests be sown

To hurt thy Church, or undermine the Throne.

No Errors broached to lead the Weak astray,

And make them wander in some doubtful Way :

But keep thy Flock secure from ev'ry Snare,

That's laid by Wolves, who Shepherds clothing wear.

Those Fathers of thy Church, O Lord preserve,

Who never from the Truth for Int'rest swerve ;

But

But with unfeign'd Sincerity defend
 Her ancient Doctrines, by the Text maintain'd;
 And with undaunted Resolution break,
 Those Measures that the Church Opposers take.
 Make them strong Pillars to support the Faith,
 And Fountains that may quench *Fanatick* wrath.
 Courageous Champions in the holy Cause,
 That fear no Frowns and value no Applause;
 But such that may with Rev'rend Warmth contend,
 With that proud Tribe that do the Church offend.
 Grant them much Wisdom, Piety, and Grace,
 That with firm Zeal they may the Truth embrace,
 And shun those partial Errors that may be
 Destructive to our Christian Unity.
 Make them such holy Fathers, that each Son,
 By their exemplar Lives, may square his own;

That

That we the Flock, may from our Shepherds learn
 Those Duties that are e'ery Man's concern;
 And by their pious Lives be taught to Steer,
 According to those Doctrines that we hear.
 Good Heav'n! Look down upon the Rich and Great,
 Who Lord it o'er the humble Croud in State.
 Grant them such Virtues as may best agree
 With the true Honour of their Quality:
 Let not their present Happiness destroy
 A Sense of that which leads to future Joy;
 Or, Riches raise 'em to a proud degree,
 Above Compassion or Humanity.
 Let no Partiality their Judgment sway;
 Or, Prejudice the common Good betray.
 No Lust of Greatness turn their Steps awry,
 Or fear in Points of Justice make 'em Shy;

But grant them Grace and Courage to pursue
 Those sober dictates, Conscience says are true;
 That all their several Duties may be shown,
 To God, his Church, their Country, and the
 (Throne
 And neither suffer by their careless Pride,
 Or other Faults the Great have Arts to hide.
 May no Temptation cause them to forsake
 Their Duty, when the Kingdom lyes at Stake :
 Or, Golden Bribe, Contaminate their Hands,
 When all that makes us happy tott'ring stands.
 Let no revengeful Heat their Reason blind,
 And make 'em strive in vain 'gainst Tide and Wind.
 Lest their own Warmth, their Weakness should be-
 And raise a Tempest that they cannot lay.

But grant them Grace to stand by Church and Crown,
And if they are of that unworthy grown,
Then from their Lofty Stations strike them down.

the
rone Open, O Lord! The Hoodwink'd Nation's Eyes,
And let the injur'd see their Enemies.

Strip off the outward Pomp, that hides the Knaves,
Who gull the Croud, and make the Land their
(Slaves.

Wash off that Sanctity, that holy Paint,
Which hides the Rogue, and makes the Dev'l a
(Saint,

That we no more may be deceiv'd by those
Who pass for Friends, but are the worst of Foes.

Church-ward they look, but Row another way,
And would be trusted only to betray:

Aim at high places for no other Cause,
Than to subvert our Doctrines and our Laws:

And for the sake of Int'rest or Revenge,
T'impose upon the Land some Monstrous change.

From such as these deliver us, O Lord!
And from their sly attempts, the Kingdom Guard.
Make us each Day more careful how we trust
A Race of Men, so head-strong and unjust.
Who when advanc'd to Pow'r, are ne'er Content,
Without distracting Church or Government.
Grant us more Sense, and Grace than to peruse
Their dull Observers, or their base Reviews:
Or, to give Credit, when we know their Spite,
To any thing their Party Say or Write.
Grant us more Wisdom, than to heed their Shams,
Their quaint Distinctions, and their odious Names:
Coin'd by a Junto of Republick Knaves,
First to divide us, next to make us Slaves.

But Heav'n be prais'd, the Nation's now awake,
 And sees at once their Aim and our Mistake:
 God give us Courage soon to stop their Course,
 Before the Danger by delay grows worse.
 And suffer not old *Britain* to become,
 The scorn of Fools, and Jest of Christendom.
 But grant us Christian Courage to defeat
 Their ill Designs in spite of all their Heat,
 And make our selves once more secure and Great.

A M E N.

For Heaven is pleased, the Nations now awake,

And see as once their Aim and our Mistake.

God give us Courage soon to stop their Course,

And the Danger by duty grows worse.

And suffer not old Germany to become,

The scorn of Fools, and Jest of Christendom.

But grant us Christian Courage to defend

Our Rights, and all their Honor.

And make our Name more loud and Great.



A. M. E. M.